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catastrophes lies in the fact that the mother is made the innocent and unconscious medium of instilling into the eyes of her new-born babe a virulent poison which utterly extinguishes its sight.

It is more than a quarter of a century ago that the careful and scientific experiments of Carl S. F. Crede, then widely known as a successful obstetrician of Leipsic, gave to the world a prophylactic at once simple, safe, and inexpensive, which, if it had since that time been universally employed, would have saved the eyes of numberless thousands who because of this neglect have passed their lives in darkness. The prophylactic Dr. Crede then used was a 2 per cent. nitrate of silver solution and this is still being used as much as any other preparation. Some, however, are using the organic silver salt solution, such as the 1 per cent. protargol or 20 to 25 per cent. argyrol solution. The chief objection to silver nitrate and protargol is that they are followed often by considerable reaction, which does not take place with argyrol. Recently the Ohio Commission for the Blind and the Ohio State Board of Health have put out packages containing a 1 per cent. solution of silver nitrate and a dropper, sterilized, which can be obtained free of charge at certain local drug stores. This 1 per cent. solution will not irritate.

(To be concluded)

AN EMERGENCY CASE

By SUSAN J. REMSEN, R.N.

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It was in June that year when I felt that if my vacation did not begin I would myself become a patient, and one lovely day found me at home in the country, and settled with the firm intention to exclude the very thought of sickness from my mind, for though we nurses may resist the temptation to relate our comic or tragic experiences connected with our work, our friends are in some way drawn toward such subjects of conversation when we are present, perhaps by some form of telepathy, our memories, or mind-pictures, being unconsciously transferred to those near us. We all know how exhausting to us and how depressing to others these recitals may become, however interesting they may be, so I read my favorite spring poems, read with equal pleasure each spring, and my own, old, inspiring chapter of Carlyle's "Past and Present" called "Labor," walked and rowed about the creek for one restful week, when my emergency case came like a thunder-bolt from a clear sky.

I had taken a longer walk than usual and was sitting, tired but peaceful, in the hammock under the old apple tree on the lawn, looking across the harbor at the drawbridge while a great automobile glided smoothly over it, the late sunshine gleaming on its polished brass, thinking how good it was to rest and live out of doors, when a deferential Irish voice broke in on my pleasing reveries, saying, "Will you please, Miss, come to Mrs. E.? She has lost quite a good deal of blood." Mrs. E. was one of our neighbors, a prospective obstetrical case, a woman of nerves and fancies, morbid, anæmic, with deep maternal affections. I had learned that she was most happy in the expectation of bringing a little sister to play with her son, who had been an only child for the eight years of his life, and together with his mother had planned the little sister's garments and decided the color of her eyes. An "experienced" nurse had been engaged for the case, and I expected to be requested to remain with the patient till she should arrive, or at least till the doctor in charge should be summoned.

I walked leisurely across to the house and climbed the stairs, weary, and inwardly sighing for my hammock, when the sight which greeted my eyes instantly banished weariness from my thoughts and a feeling of alertness came instead. The patient was lying on the bed fully dressed, and in a pool of blood nearly submerging her hips. Under the bed was a vessel filled with bright blood. In my years of nursing this had been my first case of the kind, and I made a rapid mental calculation as to how soon the services of the doctor might be obtained, and quietly asked the patient where her refrigerator was situated. In my startled mind "ice" and "hemorrhage" seemed to go together. Learning that no ice was in the house, I called cheerfully across the street to two young ladies standing cool and immaculate in their summer afternoon frocks, who, when they were told that Mrs. E. was ill and needed ice, turned toward each other, joined hands, and ran across the long lawn to the nearest house, where some ice was found, and came breathlessly back bringing some tiny bits in a pail, but nothing daunted by my request for larger amounts, fluttered away again and came with some large pieces, which were wrapped in some freshly laundered sheeting and pressed firmly against the vulva and laid over the lower abdomen.

The patient was calm, though her face was anxious and pinched, her respirations hurried, the pulse rapid and intermittent. There had been no pain, she had gone up to her room to open the windows to the evening air after a hot day, and the hemorrhage came without warning. The kindly laundress who had summoned me was untiring in her efforts to assist, and noiselessly, swiftly, and without comment, followed my

quiet suggestions. It was five o'clock in the afternoon, and the husband of the patient had started on his wheel for the place where he was employed as night-watchman some miles away, but was recalled and sent to the nearest telephone, a mile off, to notify the doctor. Meanwhile the bed was raised at the foot and placed on a strong box.

The flowing then ceased, but the pulse was 120, feeble and very intermittent, and the patient complained of faintness. One-half ounce of whiskey was given, but was vomited immediately, followed by a moment of complete unconsciousness. Her body was cold and moist. A hot-water bottle was placed at her feet, a light blanket thrown over her, but the ice was kept in position. The laundress was asked to boil a kettle of water, which was set aside to cool for cold sterile water, another was boiled for hot solutions, a fountain syringe and douche-point were also boiled, and when the doctor arrived I had reached the end of my resources and was anxiously wondering whether he would approve of my "first-aid" work. He was greatly concerned at the patient's condition, but warmly commended my modest efforts in her behalf. Another physician was called to assist and he and the "experienced" nurse arrived at the same time, the latter coming in all ready for business. She had had five children herself and knew all about it, but when she saw her patient's pitiable plight she learned that there were more phases in obstetrics than were dreamed of in her philosophy, and when the delivery forceps were brought out, was dissolved in tears of sympathy and was gently led from the room by one of the doctors.

The patient had had no pain as yet, and lay quietly insisting that the baby be saved at any price, while the husband savagely insisted, in an aside to the doctor, that the baby need not be considered overmuch. After placing the patient in the dorsal position across the bed, the delivery was begun. Nothing had been said about an anæsthetic, so I asked if I might be allowed to administer one, and one doctor murmured "Give her a little on a handkerchief." The other told me to get a bottle of chloroform and a mask from his bag, which I hastened to do. My watch was not within reach, nor could I leave my post to get it, so I cannot state accurately over how long a period the chloroform was given. Soon after it was begun the patient stopped breathing, but responded to a sharp jerk upward of her chin, and a smart slap on her chest.

The room was smothering hot, outside the thunder growled, nothing was said, and no sound heard but the doctors' heavy breathing as they worked steadily with grim faces to deliver the patient. I was fully occupied at the other side of the bed in giving the anæsthetic, and at

the same time holding the inert body in position as best I could by gripping my hands under the arms. It was midnight when the limp little body of the baby was laid in the wash-bowl, a finely-developed female child, weighing ten pounds, but whose little life had gone out with the hemorrhage. There was little flowing at the time of delivery, and a hot sterile douche was given, the patient bathed, her clothing changed, her bed made, and when she came out of the anæsthetic, shortly, she was without pain or discomfort. Of her loss she said not a word.

The "experienced" nurse shed more tears of sympathy over the soft, cool body of "little sister" and then composed herself, and sat by the patient fanning her, when at last I received permission to depart, both doctors kindly saying appreciative words of thanks at my efforts to assist them.

When I reached my room, warm, tired, and lame, my hair smelling of chloroform, I sat on my bed and for a moment mentally reviewed the evening's work. Suddenly I fell back and laughed, and laughed, as I remembered the cat and her three kittens, all black, always just on the door-sills, always on the dark stairs, mewing piteously when trodden on in our mad haste, and the vicious dog that crept under the bed and defied us one and all to come near the patient, from which position he was dragged by his irate master and lashed to a pillar of the porch.

The patient made an uneventful recovery. I was called in to give one carbolie douche, and to take her temperature twice a day for a week. After the milk came the temperature was normal, and nothing of interest was to be reported. At the end of three weeks she was carried down stairs and spent most of her days on the porch. When I went to say good-by, she sat on the porch looking not much the worse for her misadventure, and said, with a pleasant smile, "Better luck next time."

In response to some questions of mine she told me she was thirty-seven years old, the boy was eight and her first child, and she had had two miscarriages at intervals of two years each. The boy had seriously watched the dressing of the sweet body of little sister in the garments of his own selection, had timidly touched her tiny hands and looked long at her face, but made no comment. Afterwards, seeing the nurse using a breast-pump for his mother's relief, he suddenly remarked, "If little sister could have had all that nice milk, I guess she would have soon grown faster than Alice." Alice was a baby of one of his neighbors. I came from that vacation feeling that a nurse cannot escape from the thought of sickness even though she may desire it above everything else for a time, but also that I had added a new and valuable experience to my equipment.